

[there's an ache in you, put there by the ache in me](#) by  
[stardustupinlights](#)

**Series:** Perpollo Week 2021 [1]

**Category:** Percy Jackson and the Olympians - Rick Riordan, The Heroes of Olympus - Rick Riordan, The Trials of Apollo - Rick Riordan

**Genre:** Awkward Conversations, Bottom Percy Jackson, Emotional, First Dates, Flirting, Fluff, Inspired by Taylor Swift, Longing, M/M, Mutual Pining, Percy Jackson is Easy, Perpollo Week, Perpollo Week 2021, Reunion Sex, Romance, Smut, Song: 'tis the damn season (Taylor Swift), if you got any more tag ideas tell me cuz im lost lmao, is it even a surprise by this point, just go listen to the song :), this is just cute reunion sex

**Characters:** Apollo (Percy Jackson), Percy Jackson, Piper McLean

**Language:** English

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2021-12-26

**Updated:** 2021-12-26

**Packaged:** 2022-02-16 16:20:00

**Rating:** Mature

**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 3,631

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Story URL:** <https://archiveofourown.org/works/35975032>

**Author**

**URL:**

<https://archiveofourown.org/users/stardustupinlights/pseuds/stardustupinlights>

**Summary:**

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“No,” Percy says it too fast, and Piper's eyes widen. Fuck. “Nothing below the waistline.”

“Holy shit,” Piper shakes her head and lays back on the floor, looking at the ceiling. “Ok, but answer my first question. When was the last time you saw each other?”

Percy hums. “Three years ago when we fucked—”

Piper's resulting face-palm feels only fair, to be frank. “Percy, you're not telling me you and Apollo have been pining for each other for three years.”

“Well I'm definitely not,” Percy agrees, and for that one Piper playfully slaps his thigh, snorting.

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For Perpollo Week, Day 1:

- “Do you think about it too?”
- "If I wanted to know who you were hanging with while I was gone I would've asked you"

I sorta combined the prompts, just a little bit, so... make of that what you will :)

**Relationships:** Apollo/Percy Jackson, Percy Jackson & Piper McLean

**Series:** Perpollo Week 2021 [1]

**Series URL:** <https://archiveofourown.org/series/2679685>

**Comments:** 13

**Kudos:** 233

**Collections:** Fics that I treasure cherish value and appreciate - absolute masterpieces, Perpollo Week 2021

## **there's an ache in you, put there by the ache in me**

### **Author's Note:**

oh FUCK yeah perpollo week. i'm so ready for this.

please enjoy! (and listen to the song i mentioned in the tags. you won't regret it)

It happened three years ago. Percy was twenty-two and lonely. Apollo was four-thousand-and-something and looking for something easy—or maybe something harder than everyone else he'd ever met, considering this was two destroyers standing across from each other at a dinner party that neither of them wanted to be at.

They didn't date. There's no use in claiming that; it'd be a lie. No, they looked at each other on that one fateful, lonely night, and life snapped into focus for a single second and it was all they needed to let their lips meet, to touch skin, to hold each other like it could mean something.

Percy dismissed it as a one-time thing. He didn't have the emotional span to consider any sort of extended affair back then and that seemed to disappoint Apollo, but he didn't push. Except Percy couldn't get himself to lose his number and Apollo, even now after three years, seems unable to do the same.

He only tells one person about it.

“When was the last time you spoke?” Piper asks him, looking up at him from where she's laying her head on his lap. They're having a slumber party. Rachel, Frank and Hazel are already snoring away, all over his living room. It's his ideal world, but there's been something missing. There always is. “I haven't seen Apollo in like, a year. Maybe two.”

Percy takes a sip of the spiked fruit punch they made earlier. The ice has melted so it's watery and lukewarm, but he needs it to swallow the

uncomfortable knot of anxiety in his throat. “We, uh, we actually text. Regularly.”

Piper sits up so suddenly she knocks their foreheads together, which sends her to the floor and Percy into pressing his face against the couch's seat, wincing. She sputters for a few seconds, mindful of not waking up their friends, and then she grabs Percy by the hair and makes him look at her.

“You're telling me,” She starts. “That you fucked Apollo three years ago, and you both agreed to not do *anything else*, but you've been talking to each other *regularly* for three years?”

Percy pouts. “Yeah, kinda.”

“*Dude*,” Piper shakes his shoulder. “How often is *regularly*?”

“Uh, a few hours every couple days?”

“*Oh my gods!*” Piper loud-whispers. Percy winces even though it's not nearly enough to wake anyone. “Are you friends?”

Percy shrugs. “We flirt sometimes.”

Piper throws her hands up in the air, incredulous. “Percy, this is you and Apollo. Your *sometimes* is basically the equivalent of an *all the time*. Aggressively. Do you send nudes?”

“No,” Percy says it too fast, and Piper's eyes widen. Fuck. “Nothing below the waistline.”

“Holy shit,” Piper shakes her head and lays back on the floor, looking at the ceiling. “Ok, but answer my first question. When was the last time you saw each other?”

Percy hums. “Three years ago when we fucked—”

Piper's resulting face-palm feels only fair, to be frank. “Percy, you're *not* telling me you and Apollo have been pining for each other for three years.”

“Well I'm definitely not,” Percy agrees, and for that one Piper playfully slaps his thigh, snorting. “I'm saying he's coming over to New York next week and he said he wants to... meet up.”

“Meet up,” Piper repeats. “Like a date?”

Percy hates that he's blushing. “No, just. Hang out. Catch up.”

“*Catch up?* Percy, you talk every day. What are you even gonna catch up with?”

“I don't know,” Percy whines. “That's why I'm telling you.”

“Oh,” Piper lets out. For a second Percy tricks himself into thinking he'll be guided through this mess, but nope. Piper just bursts out laughing. “Well, good luck, buddy, have fun with that!”

Percy does not have fun with that.

Apollo asks him to dinner. Percy says yes. Apollo asks him whether he wants pizza or sushi. Percy says pizza. Apollo asks him whether he's okay with him picking him up at his place. Percy says yes. Apollo suggests getting ice cream after dinner. Percy especially sends yes to that one. He even sends an emoji.

He's a mess and he doesn't know what he wants out of this, to be completely honest. Piper sends him Cosmopolitan articles and strings of *good luck!!!!* and *don't pass out* that don't help at all. He takes the whole day off work in order to be able to get his shit together but instead he spends three hours thinking about what he should wear, how he should act. If he should address the fact that they spent the best night of his life together three years ago and he hasn't been able to forget about it. If he should say he regrets saying they should remain friends.

Percy almost has a heart attack when Apollo knocks on his door. He jumps, trips over his own two feet on the way to the door, and stands frozen looking at his hand holding the doorknob for way too long for Apollo not to know he's standing there, freaking out.

He opens to the sight of a sunshine smile and clear sky eyes and he's sure he passes out, because the second their eyes meet, Percy feels like he's back at that dinner party three years ago, and Apollo's laughing in his ear, a hand around his waist, leaving no space between them. Like Apollo is holding him in bed, letting him sleep in half the day, and telling him he's the most beautiful thing he's ever seen. Percy remembers telling him he was full of bullshit, and regrets it.

“Hi,” Apollo says; his smile is so big it must hurt and Percy snaps out of his stunned state only to nod and stupidly offer his hand. Apollo looks down at it in amusement. “Not the warm welcome I expected.”

“Sorry,” Percy says, his voice squeaky, so he clears his throat. Apollo, somehow, looks charmed by his incompetence to string two words together in his presence. “Sorry, I—gods it's, it's been a while, I don't know—”

“That's okay,” Apollo reassures him, chuckling softly, and Percy did *not* know you could get heartache from a sound, yet here he is. Apollo takes his hand because he forgot to take it back, and has the gall to bring his knuckles up to his lips. Now, Percy's convinced he's passed out. “We can talk over dinner.”

“Do I, uh,” Percy pulls his car keys from his back pocket, and Apollo raises his eyebrows. Percy slowly lowers the keys. “Maybe not—”

Apollo snatches the keys and pulls him by the hand, eyes dancing with mischief. Percy's sure his skin is blushing with spots of red. “Can I drive?”

He wouldn't be able to say no if he wanted to.

It's different, in person. The car ride proves it. When they text, conversation flows and flows, so much so that Apollo often has to send Percy to bed because he's the only one of the two that actually needs sleep to function. During the car ride, conversation is stilled and careful, filled with things they aren't saying. Percy gets the feeling Apollo especially is holding back even more so than he is, but he doesn't have enough bravery in him today to call him out on it.

Dinner is... better. Apollo makes an effort to instigate further interaction. He jokes and listens to what little Percy finds it in himself to say, by the time they get their ice cream and finish off their cones.

"Piper and I have been surfing together," Percy's saying, tentative, careful. Apollo hums. He barely notices himself descending into nervous rambling because he doesn't know what Apollo wants from him and that's terrifying. "When we visit New Rome, we drive down to the beaches she used to go with her dad, and we hang out. And, uh, with Frank and Hazel, when they visit New York, we do movie marathons, and sometimes Rachel comes over and we—"

"Percy," Apollo breaks in, soft; Percy can almost feel an impression from the words on his skin, like Apollo's fingers on his jaw three years ago. Gods. Holy shit he's in deep. "I'm afraid I must be honest with you. This visit isn't as friendly as I... hoped."

Percy blinks. "As you hoped?"

Apollo hesitates, pressing his lips together. There's something in his eyes that looks fragile, that reminds Percy of how he feels when Apollo doesn't answer a text for a couple hours. Like rejection is imminent and inevitable.

"I thought," Apollo starts, just as soft as before. Percy leans into his space and Apollo's eyes wander as if helpless, falling into it like it's natural as he drives his eyes over his figure, his face, looking at his lips. Percy resists the urge to lick them. "I most certainly thought that three years and a strictly platonic relationship would be enough to not want you anymore."

It hits him like a ton of bricks, stealing all air from his lungs. "And what do you mean by that?"

"That, unlike as I had planned, I didn't come here to hear you talk about your life without me," Apollo paused, looking away. Percy felt cold before because he runs cold; Piper likes to say he's cold-blooded like a shark, but Percy just thinks it's loneliness. Craving. Longing. Now, he feels as warm as a wildfire, and only Apollo's hesitation is holding him back. "I... can I ask you out on a date again?"

Percy leans over and smashes their lips together with a sort of wild hunger that he's pretty sure normal people aren't supposed to feel; this all-consuming force of nature that has always set him apart from mortals and demigods alike, that terrify gods into compliance, manifesting into a desire to have Apollo for himself, however briefly, for the sake of what feels right.

Apollo kisses back and pulls him in, licking into his mouth. Percy moans as his skin tingles with goosebumps. Apollo tastes like strawberry and vanilla and it's the best thing he's ever tasted. He's barely aware of the fact that they're in public; nothing else matters with this.

They've gotten so close, these three years. So, so close, through the simplicity of text messages. Percy supposes that makes this easier. It's different to be faced with Apollo in all his godly glory than it is to stay up late at night reading him gushing about his favorite books, the university lessons he sneaks into, the people he helps heal in disguise. And yet, having Apollo under his hands brings the whole picture together like all he had before was a half-finished painting.

They drive back to Percy's place.

"I'm sorry," Apollo is saying, as Percy holds his hand in a death grip. He's driving a little over the speed limit and he is absolutely obsessed with the tension in his shoulders; like he wants to forgo decency and stop the world for him because there's no such thing as holding back for the both of them. "This—well, I wanted to be nice. I wanted to tell myself, *you're definitely not infatuated with Percy Jackson*, but I suppose I failed. I intended to fade from your life—"

"I wouldn't have let you," Percy breathes out, his heart beating wildly. "Gods, I wouldn't have let you. Do you ever think about where we'd be if I hadn't been an asshole to you?"

Apollo laughs. "You weren't an asshole. You had life to sort out."

"I could've sorted it out with you," Percy says, and it's rash, it's too much, too soon, but he absolutely means it and Apollo's breath audibly catches. When he looks at Percy, his eyes are wide, and just a little wet. So he



doubles down. “We would’ve made it work. If you were half as nice as you’ve been over the last three years—”

“Gods, Perseus,” Apollo shakes his head, incredulous. “You’ll break my heart when it’s over, won’t you?”

“Over?” Percy asks, digging his nails into his skin. “Good luck getting rid of me. Because I’m not walking out.”

Apollo smiles, rueful, sheepish. “Which one of us is supposed to be the parasite, if I won’t walk either?”

Percy considers it. “Parasites aren’t nearly as needy as you and me, so maybe, it’s both of us.”

Apollo laughs again and Percy wants to take that sound and somehow tattoo it onto his skin, the way the SPQR tattoo sits on his forearm. He feels a sudden dose of jealousy, unreasonable and unjustified, towards everyone who’ll get to hear it forever.

He wonders if the sound will change, when Apollo isn’t laughing for him anymore. And it’d be easier to let this go, move on, never have these thoughts, ever.

He doesn’t want to. Because he wants to be able to say that he loved someone like this, and that someone loved him like this, too, and everything else becomes background noise.

It hurts, when Apollo takes him to bed and presses that smile and that laugh into his skin, in the best way possible. It’s different from three years ago, this time in a good way; it’s not the dark, desperate passion of before, but rather a golden shimmer, sitting warm at his heart and at his belly

Apollo gets him out of both his underwear and pants at the same time, and Percy’s spreading his legs for him, licking his lips, chest heaving.

“Fuck,” Apollo swallows, biting his lip. He runs his hands over Percy’s thighs, looking at him as if this is their first time. Maybe, in a way, it is.

With the way Apollo touches him, his skin feels sacred. “*Fuck*, how did I ever go a day without you?”

“Slowly,” Percy mumbles, sitting up, running his hands up his bare chest and tangling them in his blond curls to kiss him. “Beat by beat. Missing me.”

A deep breath. “You’re right. I can’t remember what I was thinking while I was gone, now.”

Percy laughs, a soft sound that he barely recognizes from himself. “Did I *finally* find a way to shut up *the* Phoebus Apollon? Just wait ‘til Artemis hears about this.”

Apollo presses a kiss on his shoulder, talking against his ear. “And may I test a way to make *the* Perseus Jackson sing?”

Percy sighs and presses himself closer, feeling that wildfire inside him again. Apollo traces his skin, with a single finger, down his spine to the dimples sitting on his lower back, where the curse of Achilles once tethered him to mortality. He wonders, sometimes, if it did much more than that to him. But Apollo’s touch feels unlike anything he’s ever felt, and the goosebumps on his skin are telling.

Instead of setting him on his back, though, Apollo keeps Percy on his lap and slides his fingers between his ass-cheeks, pressing so, so lightly that Percy whines and arches his back out, gripping his shoulders so hard he hopes it’ll bruise, already panting into his mouth as they kiss.

“Please,” Percy begs, lowering his hands and digging his nails into Apollo’s skin as he runs them over his chest, reaching his crotch and taking his cock into his hand. Apollo grunts, presses in with his fingers just-so, enough to sting. “Yes, yeah, Apollo, *please*—”

He takes his fingers away and presses them up against Percy’s lips. He doesn’t even need to explain; Percy opens his mouth and sucks his fingers in with enthusiasm that he only ever remembers feeling when Apollo had shoved his cock down his throat.

Percy gets them wet and dripping, and moans long and needy and whore-ish when the first one goes in.

“Perseus,” Apollo mumbles, dropping kisses all over his face. “Perseus, you sound so good, so desperate. Gods, I’ve been wanting to be back inside you for years. You felt so good. Tell me, am I still the only one who’s had you like this?”

Percy shivers. There’s a drop of possessiveness to the question that makes him swallow. “Yes, gods, I wasn’t—I wasn’t able to let anyone else do it. I tried. Almost let Piper fuck me, just to let her try, but I just wanted you.”

Apollo starts on the second finger and Percy *whimpers*. “Good. I’m so glad. Did I ruin you last time, Percy?”

“Yeah,” Percy moans against Apollo’s ear. “Yeah, you did, could only jerk off thinking of you. Sat on so many toys wishing it was you. Gods, Apollo, I *need* you, please, please,”

“You have me,” Apollo says, and Percy tears up because yes, he does. During his little pocket of life, he does. And that’s enough. “Wanna stay like this, baby? Or do you wanna be on your back?”

“Like this,” Percy whispers, and pulls back to look into Apollo’s eyes. He squeezes his cock and watches Apollo’s lips part around a moan, wondering if this is what artists dream of capturing: beyond lighting in a bottle, it is nature bending to perfection, to light, to order. “Wanna show you how much I missed you.”

Apollo nods, serious, with soft, dark, lovesick eyes the color of honey. “Okay, then. Anything you ask for.”

Percy rides him slowly, at first, sinking onto his cock inch by inch, letting his ass flutter and clench around him, making sure to press his lips against his ear in order to let him hear it all. Percy doesn’t intend to censor himself tonight.

When he bottoms out, Apollo's hands are tight around his waist and he feels his fingers twitch like he wants to make him bounce up, force him to take it. But instead he waits, respecting his wishes.

So Percy rises up and slides down for a couple minutes, basking in the beauty of Apollo's pleased moans and groans, and it's so, so hot, so big, so fucking *good*. It feels like Apollo could split him open, between the absolute flawlessness of his cock and the intensity of his wandering hands; he remembers that a god is under him, letting him do all this, and the precum that smears from his neglected cock at that should be embarrassing.

Instead, Apollo gathers it with his fingers and makes Percy suck it off, while maintaining eye contact. At Percy's panting, red face, he smirks.

"Your rules, gorgeous." Apollo presses a kiss, chaste and sweet, against his lips. "Use me like those toys you ride, baby."

It's over. Something in him loosens up and like whiplash, the wildfire turns into a hurricane and Percy *knows* that he'll never, ever let Apollo go easily. He'll ruin him just as much as Apollo will ruin him.

Mark his words, he's not letting the Three Fates screw him over this time.

Percy bounces up and down Apollo's cock with fast, hard thrusts, vocalizing every single feeling, letting his thighs burn. It's not long before Apollo's hands land at his thighs and help him keep the pace, pull him down harder with a better angle and Percy's never felt this good, this undone and shattered and consumed and yet *whole*.

"Oh my *gods*," he's moaning into Apollo's mouth, panting, his body twitching and his ass clenching because he's so, so very close. "Ah, ah, mhm, yeah, yeah, like that, Apollo, so so so good, fuck—"

"You sound like a whore." Apollo comments, his tone affectionate. He's panting, as well, and his hips are thrusting up like he can't get enough of it. In his own way, Apollo is coming undone, as well, and Percy can only imagine what it feels like to be so old, and still find something so new. "Fuck, baby, honey, beg me to cum, I wanna hear it."

“Please,” Percy goes, nodding, because that sounds amazing, that sounds like it'll happen any second now, pressure building up and up. “Please, Apollo, please, you're so big, so good, wanna cum on your cock, been dreaming about it, please, please—”

Apollo turns his head and kisses him, biting his lip and drawing blood, wrapping a hand around his cock and pumping.

He counts them.

“One.”

Percy whines loud enough he's sure the neighbors hear it.

“Two.”

The bed creaks; it's not made for demigods and gods as intense as them.

“Three.”

Apollo licks the sweat off his neck, and Percy throws his head back.

“Four, five.”

His body coils. Apollo bends and pushes him and sucks a nipple into his mouth, flicking it with his tongue.

“Six.”

Apollo squeezes the head of his dick, just right. Percy digs his nails into the skin of his back until it draws ichor.

“Seven.”

Percy sees white.

He is not aware of Apollo cursing and pushing him the rest of the way down to his back to fuck him through it, chasing his own release, because

it's all delicious heat and pressure rising up all the way to his head, and he vaguely hears rain falling in the distance, a storm building as he cums.

The heat of Apollo's cum inside him is, quite frankly, addictive. He wants to feel it again, and again, and forever, for good measure.

And after it, there's silence. But not for long.

“Percy,” Apollo says. “Trick question.”

He slips his eyes closed. “Hm?”

Apollo kisses him, slow and tender. He can't feel his legs but he can feel their hearts beating in unison and that's all that matters.

“I'm the parasite,” Apollo whispers. “Because there's no way to live without the sun, is there?”

It's not even that funny but Percy laughs so hard that tears spring up to his eyes.

“Okay,” he nods. He laughs again and Apollo laughs with him, and it should make no sense. They shouldn't. But it does. “Okay.”

He can work with this.

### **Author's Note:**

let's give it up for my absolute insane mind writing this because i did not have to make it this emotional

also btw ashilrak and i have a perpollo discord server!

<https://discord.gg/T7gZ39uwJG>

come join the cult :)